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THE



Infant-School

H Y M N - B O O K .

NEW-YORK:

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION
OF EVANGELICAL KNOWLEDGE.

11 BIBLE HOUSE, ASTOR PLACE.

1856.



P R E F A C E .

THIS Hymn-Book has been prepared with express reference to the Infant Classes in Sunday-Schools. Very many teachers have felt the need of a collection of simple Hymns suited to the capacities of children from the ages of three to seven. As no such is to be had, it is hoped that the book now submitted will supply this want. A few of the hymns are of irregular metres; tunes for these may be found in the Nursery Song-Book, by Thomas Hastings, and published by M. W. Dodd, Brick Church Chapel.

NEW-YORK, *January*, 1855.



H Y M N S .

HYMNS TO BE SAID OR SUNG AT THE OPENING OF SCHOOL.

1. C. M.

1 **L**ORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my prayer ;
For thou canst hear the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

2 A little sparrow can not fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee ;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

3 Teach me to do the thing that's right,
And when I sin, forgive ;
And make it still my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.

4 Whatever trouble I am in,
To thee for help I'll call ;
But keep me, more than all, from sin,
For that's the worst of all.

2.

C. M.

1 **W**HEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile;
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

3 Oh! let me never, never dare
To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart.

4 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek him with my voice
My heart will love him too.

3.

L. M.

1 **L**ORD, help us now to put away
Each idle thought of work and play;
For thou, O Lord, our hearts canst see,
And nothing can be hid from thee.

- 2 This is the day of holy rest,
The Sabbath day which thou hast blest;
Oh! may we all thy will obey,
And holy keep the Sabbath-day.

4. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord attends when children pray
A whisper he can hear;
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish, or fear.

- 2 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to him are known,
Wherever we may be.

- 3 'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say;
The heart must with the lips agree,
If we would truly pray.

- 4 Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright;
Thy grace to us impart,
That we, in prayer may take delight,
And seek thee with the heart.

5.

7s.

1 **I**N his boundless love and grace,
God has led us to the place,
Where, of Jesus we may hear,
And the sufferings he did bear.

2 Be our Shepherd every day,
Lest, like little lambs we stray ;
Whensoe'er we hear thy voice,
May we listen, and rejoice.

3 Thanks to thee, for all the care,
Thou bestowest on us here ;
For thy goodness may we be,
Ever grateful, Lord, to thee.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

6.

8, 7.

1 **H**UMBLE praises, holy Jesus,
Infant voices raise to thee ;
In thy arms, O Lord, receive us,
Suffer us thy lambs to be.

2 Blessed Saviour ! thou hast bidden
Little ones to come to thee ;
Once by thy disciples chidden,
Thou did bless such ones as we.

3 Thanks to thee, who freely gave us
Thy exalted Son, to die,
From eternal death to save us ;
Glory be to God on high !

7. 7s.

1 JESUS, Saviour, Son of God,
Who for me life's pathway trod ;
Who for me became a child,
Make me humble, meek, and mild.

2 I thy little lamb would be ;
Jesus, I would follow thee ;
Samuel was thy child of old,
Take me, too, within thy fold.

8. 8, 7, 4.

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care ;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare :
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way ;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray :
Blessed Jesus,
Hear young children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free :
Blessed Jesus !
Let us early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will ;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosom fill :
Blessed Jesus !
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

9.

7s.

1 JESUS, see a little child,
Humbly at thy footstool stay ;
Thou who art so meek and mild,
Stoop and teach me what to say.

- 2 Though thou art so great and high,
Thou dost view, with smiling face,
Little children when they cry,
“Saviour guide us by thy grace.”
- 3 Show me what I ought to be,
Make me every evil shun ;
Thee in all things may I see,
In thy holy footsteps run.
- 4 Jesus, all my sins forgive,
Make me lowly, pure in heart ;
For thy glory may I live,
Then be with thee where thou art.

10. 7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Grant to me the gift of love :
Love can make a little child
Patient, teachable, and mild.
- 2 To my Maker, God above,
Let me have the warmest love ;
And to Jesus let me feel
Love to do his holy will.
- 3 Bless me with a lowly mind.
Love to God and all mankind ;
Let my life and conduct prove
That I do religion love.

11.

6, 5.

- 1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear,
When we bow before thee,
Infant praises hear.
- 2 Though thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When thy praise we sing.
- 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray ;
Saviour ! guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.
- 4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day ;
Help us now to love thee,
Take our sins away.
- 5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
“Saviour, Lord, we come !”

12.

8, 7.

- 1 JESUS says that we must love him ;
Helpless as the lambs are we ;
But he very kindly tells us,
That our Shepherd he will be.
- 2 Heavenly Shepherd, please to watch us,
Guard us both by night and day ;
Pity show to little children,
Who like lambs too often stray.
- 3 We are always prone to wander,
Please to keep us from each snare ;
Teach our infant hearts to praise thee
For thy kindness and thy care.

13.

C. M.

- 1 LORD Jesus, teach a child to pray,
Who humbly kneels to thee,
And every night and every day
My friend and Saviour be.
- 2 While here I live, give me thy grace,
And when I'm called to die,
Oh ! take my soul to see thy face,
And sing thy praise on high.

14.

C. M.

- 1 **Y**OUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat;
And I may humbly do the same
Before his mercy-seat.
- 2 For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
“Forbid them not,” the Saviour said;
And so he says of me.
- 3 Though now he is not here below,
We know his holy will;
To him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.
- 4 Well pleased that little flock to see,
The Saviour kindly smiled;
Oh! then he will not frown on me,
Because I am a child.
- 5 For as so many years ago,
Children his pity drew,
I’m sure he will not let me go
Without a blessing too.
- 6 Then while this favor to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessings pour,
Lord Jesus on my head.

15.

7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Lord, we look to thee ;
G Meek and humble may we be,
Pride and anger put away,
Make us better every day.
- 2 Teach us for our friends to pray,
And our parents to obey ;
Richest blessings from above
Give them for their tender love.
- 3 May we find in prayer delight,
Every morning and at night ;
Love the Sabbath and the place,
Where we learn to seek thy face.

16.

6s.

- 1 THE Saviour from his throne,
T All little children sees ;
And they who are his own,
Will try their Lord to please.
- 2 He looks with eyes of love,
When they kneel down to pray
And from his throne above,
Instructs them what to say.

3 He bids them all to seek,
For they shall surely find ;
His word he will not break,
For he is true and kind.

4 Then, little children come,
Obey your Saviour's call,
He'll take you safely home,
He'll be your all in all.

17.

C. M.

1 **I** THANK thee, Lord for quiet rest,
And for thy care of me ;
Oh ! let me through this day be blest,
And kept from harm by thee.

2 Oh ! take my naughty heart away,
And make me clean and good ;
Lord Jesus, save my soul, I pray,
And wash me in thy blood.

3 Oh ! let me love thee ! kind thou art
To children such as I ;
Give me a gentle, holy heart ;
Be thou my Friend on high.

4 Help me to please my parents dear,
And do whate'er they tell ;
Bless all my friends both far and near
And keep them safe and well.

18.

C. M.

- 1 MY Heavenly Father, wilt thou hear
The words a child would speak,
When kneeling down to offer prayer,
And for thy blessing seek?
- 2 Oh! wilt thou teach me how to pray?
Direct my thoughts aright;
Give me the words my lips should say,
And bless me with thy light.
- 3 Guide me in all my way below;
Keep me from every snare;
Grant me thy perfect law to know,
And thy salvation share.
- 4 And when at last my course is run,
And time shall be no more—
When all my work on earth is done,
And all my trials o'er,
- 5 I'll wing my everlasting flight
To realms of bliss above,
Where with the throngs of angels bright.
I'll sing my Saviour's love.

19.

L. M.

- 1 **G**OD is so good, that he will hear
Whenever children humbly pray ;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child may say.
- 2 His own most holy book declares,
He loves good little children still ;
And that he listens to their prayers
Just as a tender father will.
- 3 Come, then, dear children, trust his word,
And seek him for your Friend and Guide,
Your little voices shall be heard,
And you will never be denied.

20.

7s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, wilt thou blessings give
On the teaching I receive ?
Let me be a child of thine,
Sweetly led by love divine.
- 2 Lamb of God, thy love impart ;
Guide by love my sinful heart ;
So may I submissive prove,
Willing to be ruled by love.

- 3 Holy Shepherd of thy sheep,
Kindly me in safety keep ;
Make me truly meek and mild,
Every day a gentle child.

21.

7s.

- 1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.
- 2 Fain I would to thee be brought ;
Gracious God, forbid it not ;
In the kingdom of thy grace,
Give a little child a place.
- 3 Oh ! supply my every want ;
Feed the young and tender plant ;
Day and night my keeper be,
Every moment watch round me.
-

P R A I S E .

22.

6s.

- 1 DARK night away hath rolled ;
Glad birds are soaring high ;
The sun, with rays of gold,
Looks from the dazzling sky.

- 2 Teach me to thank that Power
Whose hand sustains us all ;
Who on each fragrant flower
Bids dews of mercy fall.
- 3 Oh ! raise my heart above,
Where heavenly hosts adore ;
I'll praise thee for thy love,
And count thy mercies o'er.

23.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OSANNA be the childrens' song
To Christ, the childrens' King ;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.
- 2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard ;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.
- 3 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain ;
While softer, sweeter, clearer still,
Words echo to the strain.
4. Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
'Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.

- 5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be ;
Hosanna to our king ;
This is the children's jubilee,
Let all the children sing.

24.

10, 7.

- 1 I LOVE to be singing praise to my King,
And he will receive the off'ring I bring ;
For he's good and kind to me,
He has given me all I see.
- 2 Father and mother, who love me so well,
And blessings so numerous I never can tell,
All that God has given to me,
I will then most grateful be.
- 3 The best gift of all was Jesus his Son,
Who died on the cross to save every one
Who would come to him and pray,
"Saviour take our sins away.
- 4 I hope to sing praises in heaven above
To Jesus my Saviour, who shows me such
love ;
There from sin I shall be free,
And for ever happy be.

25.

11s.

- 1 **W**E gather, we gather, dear Jesus, to bring
The breathings of love 'mid the blossoms of spring;
Our Maker, Redeemer, we gratefully raise
Our hearts and our voices in singing thy praise.
- 2 When stooping to earth from the brightness
of heaven, [given,
Thy blood for our ransom so freely was
Thou listenedst with pleasure while children
adored [Lord.
With joyful hosannas the blessed of the
- 3 Those arms which embraced little children
of old
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold;
That grace, which inviteth the wandering
home,
Hath never forbidden the youngest to come.
- 4 Hosanna! Hosanna! Great Teacher, we raise
Our hearts and our voices in singing thy
praise;
For precept and promise so graciously given,
For blessings of earth and the glories of
heaven.

GOD'S WORKS.

26.

P. M.

1 THE moon is very fair and bright,
And also very high;
I think it is a pretty sight
To see it in the sky;
It shone upon me as I lay,
And seemed almost as bright as day.

- 2 The stars are very pretty too,
And scattered all about;
At first there seems a very few,
But soon the rest come out;
I'm sure I could not count them all,
They are so very bright and small.
- 3 God made and keeps them, every one,
By his great power and might:
He is more glorious than the sun
And all the stars of light:
Yet though so great, we by his grace,
If pure in heart shall see his face.

27.

C. M.

- 1 WHO made the sky that looks so blue,
Who made the grass so green,
Who made the flowers that smell so sweet,
In pretty colors seen?
'Twas God our Father, great in power;
Oh! let us all his name adore.

- 2 Who made the little bird to fly ?
How sweetly she has sung ;
And, though she soars so very high,
She'll not forget her young.
'Twas God our Father, great in power ;
Oh ! let us all his name adore.
- 3 Who made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all we see ?
It comes to give us heat and light :
How thankful should we be !
'Twas God our Father, great in power ;
Oh ! let us all his name adore.
- 4 Who made the moon and stars so high
The darkest night to cheer ?
How bright they shine in yonder sky,
Oft as the heavens are clear !
'Twas God our Father, great in power ;
Oh ! let us all his name adore.

28.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE stars are bright
On a beautiful night :
But when the moon appears
They fade as soon
As lamps at noon,
In the brightness that she wears.

2 The stars grow dull ;
The moon in her full
Is rising over the hills ;
Her light will fail,
And soon grow pale,
When the sun his course reveals.

3 The sun's bright rays,
That dazzle and blaze,
Will soon go down in night ;
But heaven above
So full of love,
Will never lose its light.

4 Brighter than suns
Are the starry crowns
That saints and angels wear ;
But these are dim
Compared with Him
Who reigns in glory there.

29.

C. M.

1 I LOVE to see the glowing sun
Light up the deep blue sky,
Along the pleasant fields to run,
And hear the brook flow by.

2 How fresh and green the trees appear,
What blooming flowers I find !

Oh! surely God has sent them here
To tell us he is kind.

3 The beasts that on the herbage feed
Thank him in different ways;
And little birds upon the boughs
Sing sweetly to his praise.

4 Shall I alone forget to thank
The God who made us all?
Oh! no, I'll humbly kneel to him,
And on my Maker call.

5 Though I am but a little child,
Yet I to God belong;
His works declare him good and mild,
And he will hear my song.

30.

L. M.

1 OUR God is good, and he is great;
Around his throne the angels wait;
He made the sun with beams so bright,
He made the moon which shines by night,
The glittering skies that look so fair
With every star that sparkles there.

2 The mountains and the rocks he made,
And all the hills in order laid;
He poured the water in the seas;

He made the grass, the herbs, the trees,
The valleys and the fields so fair,
And every flower that blossoms there.

3 The lion and the tiger bold,
The sheep and cattle of the fold,
The little birds that sweetly sing,
The insect with its beauteous wing,
The fishes—all we see that's fair
Or good—He made and placed them there.

31. 7, 6, 9.

1 **W**HO formed the little sparrow,
And gave him wings to fly;
Who shields him from the arrow,
When flying in the sky?
Our Father, God, who reigns in heaven,
By whom are all our blessings given.

2 And who so gently leads him
Far from the fowler's snare?
And who so kindly feeds him,
And shows such tender care?
Our Father, God, who stoops to show
His grace to creatures here below.

3 And who, a dress provides him,
So beautiful and warm?

Who, in the shelter hides him,
Amid the raging storm?
Our Father, God, extends his care
Through heaven, and earth, and sea, and air.

- 4 Does God full many a favor
To little sparrows give?
And shall we not endeavor,
By faith, on him to live?
Our Father, God, who reigns above,
Is worthy of our highest love.

32.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HO showed the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore;
And spend the pleasant summer-day
In laying up her store?
- 2 Who taught the bird to build her nest,
Of wool, and hay, and moss?
Who told her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?
- 3 Who taught the busy bee to fly,
Among the sweetest flowers;
And lay his feast of honey by,
To eat in winter hours?

- 4 'Twas God who showed them all the way,
And gave their little skill;
And teaches children, if they pray,
To do his holy will.
-

LOVE OF GOD.

33. C. M.

- 1 **W**ILL God, who made the earth and sea,
The night and shining day,
Regard a little child like me;
And listen while I pray?
- 2 If I am hungry, poor, and cold,
Then will he hear my cry?
And when I shall be sick or old,
Oh! then will God be nigh?
- 3 Yes, in his holy word we read
Of his unfailing love;
And when his mercy most we need,
His mercy he will prove.
- 4 To those who seek him, he is near;
He looks upon the heart;
And from the humble and sincere
He never will depart.

34.

C. M.

1 **H**OW happy are the lambs who love
In some safe fold to rest !
I have a Shepherd, too, above,
The gentlest and the best.

2 His lambs he gathers in his arms,
And on his bosom bears ;
Where, safe from dangers and alarms,
Each his full blessing shares.

3 Lord, I would be thy gentle child,
And listen to thy voice ;
Be loving, dutiful, and mild,
And in thy ways rejoice.

4 Thus, having known thy love below,
And reached my hour to die ;
Rejoicing, at thy call I'll go,
To join thy fold on high.

35.

11s.

1 **T**HE Lord is my Shepherd ; how happy
am I ;
How tender and watchful, my wants to
supply.
He daily provides me with raiment and food ;
Whate'er he denies me, is meant for my
good.

- 2 The Lord is my shepherd ; then I must obey
His gracious commandment, and walk in his
way ;
His fear he will teach me, my heart he'll
renew,
And though I'm so sinful, my sins he'll sub-
due.
- 3 The Lord is my Shepherd ; how happy am I !
I'm blest while I live ; and I'm blest when I
die !
Through death's gloomy valley no evil I'll
dread,
For I will be with thee, my Shepherd has
said.
- 4 The Lord is my Shepherd ; I'll sing with
delight,
Till called to adore him in regions of light ;
Then praise him with angels, to bright harps
of gold,
And ever and ever, his glory behold.

GOD OUR FATHER.

36.

C. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW great is our Almighty God !
Oh ! who can speak his worth ?
By saints in heaven he is adored,
And feared by men on earth ;

And yet a little child may bend,
And say, My Father and my Friend.

2 The glorious sun that blazes high,
The moon more pale and dim,
And all the stars that fill the sky,
Are made and ruled by him ;
And yet a child may ask his care,
And call upon his name in prayer.

3 And this large world of ours below,
The waters and the land,
With all the trees and flowers that grow,
Were fashioned by his hand.
Yes, and he forms our infant race,
And even I may seek his grace.

4 Oh ! yes, when little children cry,
He hearkens to their prayer ;
His throne of grace is always nigh,
And I will venture there ;
I'll go depending on his word,
And seek his grace through Christ the Lord.

37.

L. M.

1 GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend—
I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky ?

- 2 Art thou my Father ? Canst thou hear
My feeble and imperfect prayer ?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a one as I can raise ?
- 3 Art thou my Father ? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee,
And try, in word, in deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 4 Art thou my Father ? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend,
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.
- 5 Art thou my Father ? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

38. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I look up to yonder sky,
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
I think of One I can not see,
But One who sees and cares for me.
- 2 His name is God ; he gave me birth,
And every living thing on earth ;
And every tree and plant that grows
To the same hand its being owes.

3 'Tis he my daily food provides,
And all that I require besides ;
And when I close my slumbering eye,
I sleep in peace, for he is nigh.

4 Then I surely should ever love
This gracious God who reigns above ;
For very kind indeed is he
To love a little child like me.

39.

L. M.

1 I WILL a little pilgrim be,
Resolved alone to follow thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone
Up to the everlasting throne.

2 I will my heart to thee resign,
Thine only be ; oh ! be thou mine.
The world I leave and foolish play,
To happiness to find the way.

3 My lips shall be employed to bless
The Lord, who is my righteousness,
My joy to serve and praise and love,
And then to reign with him above.

“THOU GOD SEEST ME.”

40.

7s.

- 1 **W**HEN I sleep, and when I wake,
When my daily walks I take,
Though my eyes no God can see,
Still he ever looks at me.
- 2 When I speak a wicked word,
By my Saviour it is heard;
Though I seek from God to flee,
Still from heaven he looks at me,
- 3 When I break his holy day,
And indulge in sinful play,
Could I still so thoughtless be,
If I felt he looks at me?
- 4 When with wicked ones I play,
When my heart forgets to pray,
Though I may forgetful be,
Still my Saviour looks at me.
- 5 When my angry passions rise,
God can hear my sinful cries;
When rebellious I would be,
Still he ever looks at me.

- 6 Every disobedient word,
False or cross, in heaven is heard :
Though no human eye can see,
God my Saviour looks at me.
- 7 In each action that I do,
God can see me through and through :
May this thought a comfort be,
Christ my Saviour cares for me.

41.

7s.

- 1 **I**N the stars that shine so bright,
In the moon I see above,
In the sun that gives me light,
In the worlds that round him move ;
- 2 In the ocean, in the seas,
In the dry and fruitful land ;
In the green and lofty trees,
In the wind that makes them bend ;
- 3 In the flowers that smell so sweet,
In the garden where they grow ;
In the house, and in the street,
In the school-room where I go ;
- 4 In the dark when children sleep,
In the room to hear their prayer ;
God will all good children keep,
God is here, and everywhere.

42.

C. M.

1 'TIS God who guides the sparrow's wing,
 And guards her little brood ;
 Who hears the ravens when they cry,
 And fills them all with food.

2 'Tis He who clothes the fields with flowers,
 And pours the light abroad ;
 'Tis he who numbers all your hours,
 Your Father and your God.

3 He'll keep you when the storm is wild,
 Or any danger's near ;
 Oh ! trust him, trust him, though a child,
 And you need never fear.

43.

L. M.

1 THE Lord is here ! He sees us, too,
 And watches every thing we do ;
 He sees us when we laugh and play,
 And knows if we pretend to pray.

2. The Lord is here ! Oh ! let us be
 Afraid to sin for God can see ;
 Lest we should be cast down to hell,
 And there in endless sorrow dwell.

44.

L. M.

- 1 I'M not too young for God to see,
He knows my name and nature too,
And all day long he looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through.
- 2 He listens to the words I say,
He knows the thoughts I have within,
And whether I'm at work or play,
He's sure to see it if I sin.
- 3 If some one great and good is near,
It makes us careful what we do ;
Then how much more we ought to fear
The Lord who sees us through and through.
- 4 Thus when inclined to do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
I'll always try to think of this—
I'm not too young for God to see,

45.

L. M.

- 1 A WAKE, asleep, by night, by day,
When at my study or my play,
Although the Lord I can not see,
His eye is always fixed on me.

- 2 God never will forsake his own,
He will not leave me when alone ;
When not another friend is near,
May I remember, " God is here."
- 3 Oh ! may I try to please him still,
To know, and love, and do his will ;
Then will it joy and gladness be,
That God's own eye is fixed on me.

S I N .

46. L. M.

- 1 I MUST not sin as many do,
Lest I lie down in sorrow too ;
For God is angry every day,
With wicked ones who go astray.
- 2 From sinful words I must refrain ;
I must not take God's name in vain ;
I must not work, I must not play,
Upon God's holy Sabbath day.
- 3 And if my parents speak the word,
I must obey them in the Lord :
Nor steal, nor lie, nor waste my days
In idle tales and foolish plays.

47.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, I confess before thy face,
How wicked I have been ;
Look down from heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And pardon all my sin.
- 2 Forgive my temper, Lord, I pray :
My passions and my pride ;
The wicked words I dared to say,
And wicked thoughts beside.
- 3 For Jesus' sake, forgive my crime,
And change this stubborn heart ;
And grant me grace another time,
To act a better part.

48.

7s, 6 lines.

- 1 LITTLE children, stop and think,
Turn away from ruin's brink ;
Shun the wicked liar's path,
Fly from scenes of strife and wrath ;
Read with prayer the holy word,
Follow Jesus Christ the Lord.
- 2 Jesus is the Christian's rock,
He will safely guide his flock ;
In his arms the lambs he'll bear :
Children seek your refuge there ;
Of your Saviour stop and think,
Fly to him from ruin's brink.

LOVE TO PARENTS.

49.

8, 7.

- 1 MY father, my mother, I know
I can not your kindness repay ;
But I hope, that as older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to obey.
- 2 You loved me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smiled ;
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.
- 3 I am sorry that ever I could
Be wicked and give you such pain ;
I hope I shall learn to be good, .
And so never grieve you again.
- 4 But, for fear that I ever should dare
From all your commands to depart,
Whenever I utter a prayer,
I'll ask for a dutiful heart.

LOVE TO COMPANIONS.

50.

C. M.

- 1 **T**O do to others as I would
That they should do to me
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.
- 2 I know I should not steal, nor use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose
If it belonged to me.
- 3 And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.
- 4 But any kindness they may need
I'll do, whate'er it be,
As I am very glad indeed
When they are kind to me.

51.

6, 5.

- 1 **L**ITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

2 Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Off in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

52.

7s.

1 JESUS loves the little child,
Who is lowly, meek, and mild,
Humble, both in act and mind,
And to all around him kind.

2 You who would the Lord obey,
Angry words should never say,
But to others always do
As you'd have them do to you.

3 In your happy pleasant home,
Angry words should never come;
To your parents ever show
All the grateful love you owe.

- 4 Let your sisters ever find
All your words and actions kind,
While your friends and playmates own
Love to them your deeds have shown
- 5 This will be indeed polite,
And lovely in your Maker's sight;
Fitting you to dwell above,
With the God whose name is LOVE.

THE BIBLE.

53.

C. M.

- 1 THIS is the way to know the Lord,
And this will please him too,
To read and hear his holy word,
That tells us what to do.
- 2 He lives in heaven, and does not need
Such little ones as we;
But he is very kind indeed,
And even cares for me.
- 3 Then let me love him for his care,
And love his holy word,
Because he teaches children there
To know and fear the Lord.

54.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is a precious book indeed ;
Happy the child who loves to read ;
'Tis God's own word, which he hath given
To show our souls the way to heaven !
- 2 It tells us how the world was made ;
And how good men the Lord obeyed ;
And his commands are in it too,
To teach us what we ought to do.
- 3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die ;
It points to heaven, where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.
- 4 But what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us, Jesus died ;
This is its first, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.
- 5 Let us be thankful that we may
Read this good Bible every day ;
And learn the way that God hath given
To show our souls the way to heaven.

C H R I S T .

55.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OSANNAS were by children sung,
When Jesus was on earth,
Then surely we are not too young
To sound his praises forth.
The Lord is great, the Lord is good,
He feeds us from his store
With earthly and with heavenly food ;
We'll praise him evermore.
- 2 And when to him young children came
He took them in his arms ;
He blessed them in his Father's name,
And spoke with heavenly charms :
We thank him for his gracious word,
We thank him for his love,
We'll sing the praises of our Lord,
Who reigns in heaven above.
- 3 Before he left this world of woe,
On Calvary he died ;
His blood for us did freely flow
Forth from his wounded side,
Oh ! then we'll magnify his name,
Who groaned and died for us ;
We'll worship the atoning Lamb,
And kneel before his cross.

4 He rose again and walked abroad,
And many saw his face:
They called him the incarnate God,
Redeemer of our race.
He rose and he ascended high :
We'll bow to his command ;
His glories fill the earth and sky,
He sits at God's right hand.

56.

11, 9.

1 I THINK when I read that sweet story
of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children, as lambs, to
his fold,
I should like to have been with them
then ;
I wish that his hands had been placed on
my head,
That his arms had been thrown around
me,
And that I might have seen his kind look
when he said,
“ Let the little ones come unto me.”

2 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may
go,
And ask for a share of his love,

And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above—
In that beautiful place he has gone to pre-
pare
For all who are washed and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering
there,
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

3 But thousands and thousands, who wander
and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room
for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joys of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every
clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

57.

C. M.

1 SEE! the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
S With all-inviting charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 “Let little children come,” he cries,
“Forbid them not to come;

Their mansion is above the skies,
And I will lead them home."

- 3 The smallest lambs amidst the flock
Shall be the Shepherd's care ;
While, folded in the Saviour's arms,
They're safe from every snare.

58. 8, 7.

- 1 JESUS CHRIST loves little children,
And he waits to do them good ;
Should not children then love Jesus ?
Yes, indeed, they always should.

- 2 When they sing a hymn to praise him,
He delights that hymn to hear :
When they kneel to pray before him,
He attends, for he is near.

- 3 He can keep them safe from danger,
Guide them all the time they live ;
Then let children come to Jesus,
Who has so much good to give.

59. 7s.

- 1 CHRIST is merciful and mild ;
He was once a little child ;
He whom heavenly hosts adore
Lived on earth among the poor.

- 2 Then he laid his glory by,
When for us he came to die ;
How I wonder when I see
His unbounded love for me.
- 3 Through his life on earth I see
Lowliness and poverty ;
Oh ! how mean was his abode,
Though he was the mighty God.
- 4 Yet, through all his actions ran
Love to poor and sinful man ;
He the sick to health restored ;
To the poor he preached the word.
- 5 Children in his arms he pressed,
Kindly took them to his breast,
They, said he, shall share my bliss,
For of such my kingdom is.

60.

7, 6.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the story
Of our Redeemer's birth,
Who left the realms of glory
And came to dwell on earth !
He saw our sad condition,
Our guilt, and sin, and shame ;
To save us from perdition
The blessed Jesus came.

- 2 He came to earth from heaven
To weep, and bleed, and die,
That we might be forgiven,
And raised to God on high.
His kindness and compassion
To children then were shown;
The heirs of his salvation,
He claimed them for his own.
- 3 Oh! may I love this Saviour,
So good, so kind, so mild!
And may I find his favor,
A young though sinful child!
And in his blissful heaven
May I at last appear,
With all my sins forgiven,
To know and praise him there!

61.

7, 5.

- 1 JESUS be our tender Shepherd,
Jesus be our tender Shepherd,
Jesus be our tender Shepherd,
Take our sins away.
In thine arms may we be sheltered,
In thine arms may we be sheltered,
In thine arms may we be sheltered,
All thy words obey.

- 2 When we die, oh ! be thou near us,
When we die, oh ! be thou near us,
When we die, oh ! be thou near us,
Take us to thy fold.
There we'll ever sing thy praises,
There we'll ever sing thy praises,
There we'll ever sing thy praises,
And thy face behold.

62.

7, 6.

- 1 **W**E sing the praise of Jesus,
The holy Lamb of God,
Who came from heaven to bless us
And shed for us his blood ;
Who died in awful anguish,
Upon the cross, that we
Might live to sing his praises
Through all eternity.
- 2 We sing the praise of Jesus ;
Though once on earth he taught,
He's now in heaven and sees us,
And knows our every thought.
He will not frown upon us,
Although to him we raise
Our sinful hearts and voices,
In one sweet song of praise.

- 3 We sing the praise of Jesus,
 Who did our souls redeem,
 Who welcomed little children
 When they were brought to Him.
 He kindly spoke and blessed them
 And took them in his arms,
 And there he will enfold us
 And shield us from alarms.

63.

7s.

- 1 TELL me, Shepherd from above,
 Dearest object of my love,
 Where thy little flocks abide,
 Sheltered by thy bleeding side.
- 2 Tell me, Saviour all-divine,
 Where I may my soul recline ;
 Where I shall for refuge fly
 When the burning sun is high.
- 3 Claim me, Shepherd, as thine own,
 Oh ! protect me, thou alone ;
 Let me hear thy gracious voice,
 Make my youthful heart rejoice.

64.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS was once despised and low,
 A stranger and distressed,
 Without a home to which to go,
 A pillow where to rest.

- 2 Now on a high majestic seat,
He reigns above the sky,
And angels worship at his feet,
Or at his bidding fly.
- 3 Once he was bound with prickly thorns,
And scoffed at in his pain ;
Now a bright crown his head adorns,
And he is King again.
- 4 But what a condescending King,
Who, though he reigns so high,
Is pleased when little children sing,
And listens to their cry.
- 5 He sees them from his heavenly throne,
He watches all their ways,
And stoops to notice for his own,
The youngest child that prays.

65.

S. M.

- 1 **T**HE flock he loves to trace
With ever-watchful eye ;
So Christ, our Shepherd, full of grace,
To us is ever nigh.
- 2 The sheep his kindness know,
When timid fear alarms ;
So we affrighted, safely go
To our Redeemer's arms.

3 When stormy tempests blow,
He shields them from the cold;
So to escape from sin and woe,
We enter Jesus' fold.

4 The lambs he gently leads,
To pastures green and fair;
And so the Saviour kindly feeds
The children of his care.

5 Thy voice to hear we love;
Dear Shepherd be our guide,
That we within thy fold above
For ever may abide.

THE LORD'S DAY.

66. L. M.

1 THIS day belongs to God alone,
This day he chooses for his own;
And we must neither work nor play,
Because it is God's holy day.

2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven;
Then let us spend it as we should,
In serving God and being good.

3 We ought, to-day, to learn and seek
What we may think of all the week,
And be the better every day
For what we hear our teachers say.

4 And every Sabbath should be passed
As if we knew it were our last.
What would the dying sinner give
To have one Sabbath more to live !

67.

11s.

1 **H**OW sweet is the Sabbath, the morning
of rest ;
The day of the week which I surely love
best ;
The morning my Saviour arose from the
tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and
gloom.

2 Oh ! let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-
day,
And not spend a minute in trifling or play ;
Remembering these seasons were graciously
given
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for
heaven.

3 In the house of my God, in his presence and
fear,
When I worship to-day, may it all be sin-
cere;
In the school when I learn, may I do it
with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me
there.

4 Instruct me, my Saviour; a child though
I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by thee;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy
ways:
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give
thee the praise.

68.

S. M.

1 GOD made the day of rest,
The holy Sabbath day,
That we might think and talk of him,
And not for work or play.

2 I'll put my toys away
Safely the night before;
Each Sabbath I'll be very still,
'Till Monday comes once more.

- 3 I love these Sabbath days
Which God to us doth give,
Oh! may I love them more and more,
Each day and year I live.

69.

5s.

- 1 **H**OW sweet is the day
When leaving our play,
The Saviour we seek ;
The fair morning glows,
When Jesus arose,
The best in the week !
- 2 The Sabbath bell rings,
The full choir sings,
The minister prays ;
And God's holy word
Devoutly is heard,
And given his grace.
- 3 The dear place of prayer,
Our teachers are there,
To point us above ;
Their hearts burn with zeal,
That children may feel
The Saviour's kind love.
- 4 To school, then, we'll go,
For surely we know
Our Sabbaths must end ;

Oh! then to the skies,
Redeemed may we rise
To Jesus our friend.

70.

7, 6.

- 1 TO Sabbath-school, to Sabbath-school,
Ye children haste away ;
Be early at the Sabbath-school,
Nor ever stop to play.
- 2 To Sabbath-school, to Sabbath-school,
This precious holy day :
Be careful at the Sabbath-school,
Your lessons well to say.
- 3 To Sabbath-school, to Sabbath-school,
The teacher's voice obey ;
And listen at the Sabbath-school,
To every word they say.
- 4 To Sabbath-school, to Sabbath-school,
It is the place of prayer ;
Be solemn at the Sabbath-school,
For God himself is there.

71.

C. M.

- 1 THE Sabbath bell ! how sweet to me,
The day the Saviour rose,
The day when we may seek his face,
And in his arms repose.

- 2 To-day he calls us all to come,
He bids us all draw near;
He offers heaven for our home,
And wipes away each tear.
- 3 He offers pardon for our sins,
To save from every snare;
To lead our souls in ways of truth,
And show his tenderest care.
- 4 And shall I, can I now refuse
To yield to him my heart?
Forbid it Lord and make me choose
This day the better part.

72.

8, 7.

- 1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear us,
Bless thy little lambs to-day;
Through the Sabbath be thou near us,
Keep all sinful thoughts away.
- 2 All the week thy hand hast led us,
And we thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed, and warmed, and fed us,
Listen to our earnest prayer.
- 3 Let our sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends we love so well;
Take us when we die to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

73.

6, 4.

1 FOR thee, we long and pray,
O blessed Sabbath morn;
And all the week we say,
Oh! when wilt thou return?
Come, come away, day of glad rest,
Of days the best, sweet Sabbath day.

2 Thou tellest us how Christ
Arose, and left the tomb;
And all the week we say,
Oh! when will Sabbath come?
Come, come away, etc.

3 Thou tellest us how we
Like him shall leave the tomb;
And all the week we say,
Oh! when will Sabbath come?
Come, come away, etc.

4 Thou tellest of a rest,
A peaceful, happy home,
Where we may all be blest;
Oh! when will Sabbath come?
Come, come away, etc.

74.

7s.

1 **L**ITTLE children, tell me why
You should love the Sabbath day?
Tell me, why should you and I,
Put our work and plays away?

2 Do you know how Jesus died,
In the grave how cold he lay,
And though he was crucified,
How he rose on Sabbath day?

3 Will you not, then, love to know,
How to keep this day of rest?
Early rise, and cheerful go,
Him to praise whom children blest.

4 Far above the sun so bright
Many little ones like you,
Happy in the world of light,
When on earth, loved Sunday, too.

5 So the Saviour, in his arms
Took these little ones to rest;
Free from sin, and all alarms
Ever is their Sabbath blest.

CHRISTMAS.

75.

8, 7.

- 1 **L**ITTLE children, when rejoicing,
In the merry Christmas morn,
'Mid your sports, remember ever,
That glad day when Christ was born.
- 2 Here, on earth, you may not see him,
But when this short life is done,
You may live with him for ever
Where there is no setting sun.
- 3 So remember Christmas morning,
That on earth the Saviour came,
And that still, he guards and blesses
Every child who loves his name.

76.

C. M.

- 1 **S**OME eastern shepherds in the night,
Were watching o'er their flocks,
When suddenly a brilliant light
Amid the darkness broke.
- 2 And then a beauteous angel came,
Who shone as bright as morn,
And told them that in Bethlehem,
A Saviour, Christ, was born.

3 And when the angel told them where
The infant might be found,
A heavenly anthem through the air
Most sweetly did resound.

4 "Glory to God on high," they said,
"And peace on earth be given;"
Oh! may we, by that Saviour led,
Be taken up to heaven.

77.

8, 7.

1 **H**ARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the sky?
Loud the angel-host rejoices,
"Glory be to God on high."

2 Christ is born, our prince and Saviour,
He has left his glorious home;
Now an infant in a manger,
To redeem our souls has come.

3 Shepherds hear the wondrous story,
From the lips of angels bright;
And around them shines such glory,
Rays, it seems, of heaven's own light.

4 We would join, to praise the Saviour,
'Twas for us he showed such love.
May we now obtain his favor,
Dwell with him in heaven above.

NEW-YEAR.

78.

C. M.

1 IF I resolve with this new year,
 A better child to be,
 'Twill do no good at all, I fear,
 But rather harm to me.

2 Unless I also try each day
 No angry word to speak;
 Unless each morn to God I pray,
 To keep me mild and meek.

3 Then let me try with all my might—
 May Jesus help me too—
 Always to choose the way that's right,
 Whatever act I do.



E A S T E R.

79.

L. M.

1 WHILE guards around the Saviour's
 tomb,
 By night in watchful silence lay,
 Two angels bright, from heaven came down,
 And rolled the heavy stone away.

- 2 Then Mary came, at early dawn,
To pray and weep o'er Jesus slain;
Trembling, she heard the angels say,
He is not here, he lives again.
- 3 Yes, Jesus from the grave arose,
And now in heaven all glorious reigns;
Let children learn the wordrous grace,
And praise him in their highest strains.
- 4 Because our Saviour left the tomb,
We know that we too shall arise;
In the cold grave awhile we'll sleep,
Then wake, to meet him in the skies.
-

I N V I T I N G .

80.

4, 7, 8.

- 1 COME, children, come,
God bids you come;
Come, and learn to sing the story
Of the Lord of life and glory.
Come, children, come.
- 2 Come, children, come,
Christ bids you come;
Early seek his face and favor,
Love and serve your blessed Saviour.
Come, children, come.

- 3 Come, children, come,
Make heaven your home ;
Then, though earthly ties may sever,
You may live with Christ for ever ;
Come, children, come.

81.

S. M.

- 1 “ OH ! suffer them to come,”
Once the kind Saviour said ;
And gently to his loving arms
The little ones were led.
- 2 “ Forbid them not,” said he ;
“ My ways are pleasant ways,
Children that fear and love my name,
Are happy all their days.
- 3 “ Of such my kingdom is,
The lowly and the meek ;
Those, who with sweet humility
All my commandments keep.”
- 4 We come, we come to thee,
Dear Saviour, and would pray,
That from thy pleasant paths our feet
May never, never stray.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

82.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Sabbath's sacred morning light
Begins on earth to dawn,
We'll wake with eyes all sparkling bright,
And bid dull sloth be gone.
Then haste to the school away,
And keep this sacred day;
Yes, haste away, yes, haste away,
And keep this sacred day.
- 2 The tuneful birds, in concert meet,
And carol sweet their lays;
In Nature's temple they repeat
Their great Creator's praise.
Then haste, etc.
- 3 From valley, field, and mountain air
They pour their warbling strains,
And in one chorus, loud declare
That God for ever reigns.
Then haste away, etc.
- 4 Then in the temple of the Lord,
That consecrated place,
We'll listen to God's holy word,
And seek his pard'ning grace.
Then haste away, etc.

- 5 Then with united heart and voice
Our song to God we'll raise,
While millions more with us rejoice,
And join in prayer and praise.
Then haste away, etc.

83.

8, 6.

- 1 **W**ILL you come to our Sunday-school ?
I really wish you would ;
Oh ! come and join our infant class,
And learn how to be good.
We learn to sing, we learn to pray, 、
In our sweet Sabbath-school ;
And here we learn of Jesus too
Who gave the golden rule.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Join our Sabbath-school ?
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Learn this golden rule ?

- 2 We know, when Jesus was on earth
He loved each little child,
And taught us how we could become
So loving, good, and mild.
He gave the golden rule, and then
He said that he should know
If we loved him, for if we did,
We should love all below.
Will you, etc.

3 To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.
I know I should not steal, or use
The smallest thing I see;
Or what I should not like to lose,
If it belonged to me.
Will you, etc.

4 And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow;
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so;
But any kindness others need
I'll do it cheerfully,
As I am very glad indeed,
When they are kind to me.
Will you, will you, etc.

84.

10s.

- 1 I'LL awake at dawn on the Sabbath day;
For 'tis wrong to sleep holy time away.
With my lessons learned, this shall be my
rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.
- 2 Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing,
None are tardy there, when the woods do
ring;

So, when Sunday comes, this shall be my
rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

3 When the summer's sun wakes the flowers
again,
They the call obey—none are tardy then ;
Nor will I forget that it is my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

4 But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
And these happy hours shall return no
more ;
Then I'll ne'er regret that it is my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

85.

9, 6.

1 **O**N Sabbath morning, oh ! how pleasant
To come to Sabbath-school !
When every happy child is present,
And every seat is full.

2 For there we meet our gentle teacher
With words and looks of love ;
And sometimes, too, our dear kind preacher,
Who speaks of heaven above.

- 3 But best of all, the lowly Saviour
Is where his children meet,
And show by quiet, meek behavior
They're sitting at his feet.
- 4 How sweet when all are lowly bending,
To ask his blessing there ;
Or when in praise our voices blending,
Thank Him who hears the prayer.
- 5 Then let us gladly gather round him,
And love him while he may ;
For they who seek have always found him,
E'en in their early day.
- 6 And when life's Sabbaths all are ended,
We all may meet above,
Where Christ for us hath now ascended,
Our Father's house of love.

36.

8s.

- 1 THE Sabbath-school's a place of prayer ;
I love to meet my teacher there ;
For there I learn that every one
May find in heaven a happy home.
I love to go, I love to go,
I love to go to Sabbath-school.

2 In God's own book we're taught to read
How Christ for sinners groaned and bled.
That precious blood a ransom gave
For sinful man his soul to save.
I love to go, etc.

3 In Sabbath-school we sing and pray,
And learn to love the Sabbath-day ;
That when on earth our Sabbaths end,
A glorious rest in heaven we'll spend.
I love to go, etc.

4 And when on earth our days are o'er,
We'll meet in heaven to part no more.
Our teachers kind we there shall see,
And oh ! what joy 't will be to meet
In heaven above, in heaven above,
In heaven above to part no more.

MISSIONARY.

87. 5, 6.

1 GOD intrusts to all,
Talents few or many ;
None so young or small,
That they have not any.

- 2 Though the great and wise
Have a greater number ;
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.
- 3 God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given ?
- 4 Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers ;
And I may attain
Much by little powers.
- 5 Every little mite
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.

88.

7s.

- 1 **M**ANY little ones there are,
O'er the sea so very far,
Who've not heard of God above,
Nothing know of Jesus' love.
- 2 Children who kneel down alone
To their gods of wood and stone,
Never have been taught to pray,
"Jesus, take our sins away."

- 3 Yet he left his home above,
Full of pity and of love,
And for them as well as me,
Died upon the shameful tree.
- 4 How I wish that they could know
That the Saviour loves them so,
That he will their sins forgive,
Take them with himself to live.
- 5 Let us send the Bible there,
Daily offering up a prayer,
That for ever they may sing
Praises to their Saviour King.
-

ETERNITY.

89.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW long sometimes a day appears,
And weeks, how long are they ;
Months move as slow as if the years
Would never pass away.
- 2 But months and years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone ;
For day by day the minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

- 3 Days, months, and years must have an end ;
Eternity has none ;
It never can its ages spend,
Even as they ne'er begun.
- 4 Almighty God, I can not tell
How such a thing can be ;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.
-

D E A T H .

90.

7s.

- 1 I AM young, but I must die,
In my grave I soon shall lie,
Am I ready now to go,
If the will of God be so ?
- 2 Lord, prepare me for my end,
To my heart thy Spirit send,
Help me, Jesus, thee to love,
Take my soul to heaven above.
- 3 Then I shall with Jesus be,
Then I shall my Saviour see ;
Never more to suffer pain,
Never more to sin again.

H E A V E N .

91.

6, 4.

- 1 **T**HERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day ;
Oh ! how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand ?
Why still delay ?
Oh ! we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
Oh ! then to glory run ;
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

92.

S. M.

1 **T**HERE is a land above,
All beautiful and bright,
And those who love and seek the Lord
Rise to that world of light.

2 There sin is known no more,
Nor tears, nor want, nor care ;
There good and happy beings dwell,
And all are holy there.

93.

6, 4.

1 **O**H ! had I wings to fly
Up through the deep blue sky,
Far, far away ;
There, like the angels bright,
Freely to stray.

2 There as the angels do,
Clearly the heavens to view ;
There kneel and pray ;
There, like the spirits blest,
Grow day by day.

3 Singing with heart and word,
Serving my gracious Lord,
In heaven my home ;
Where evil thoughts and deeds
Never can come.

- 4 O Father! good and great,
Teach me in faith to wait
Each moment given ;
Then, when this life is o'er
Take me to heaven.

94.

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us sing of heaven above,
Our glorious happy home,
Where dwells the Saviour whom we love,
And who has bid us come.
Oh! that is joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh! that is joyful,
That Jesus bids us come
To dwell with him above,
And sing the everlasting song
Of his redeeming love.
- 2 Angels are there around the throne ;
Sweet notes of praise they sing,
All glory to our God alone,
And to our Saviour King.
Oh! that is joyful, etc.
- 3 And children join the glorious song,
Who once lived here below ;
But now amid that sinless throng
They no more sorrow know.
Oh! that is joyful, etc.

- 4 'T was Jesus died that we might gain
This glorious happy home ;
For us he suffered grief and pain,
And therefore bids us come.
Oh ! that is joyful, etc.

95.

7, 6.

1 I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
There right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

2 I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear.
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.

Dear Saviour, when I languish,
 And lay me down to die,
 Oh ! send a shining angel
 To bear me to the sky.

4 Oh ! there I'll be an angel,
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand.
 And there before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'll join the heavenly music,
 And praise him day and night.

SCRIPTURE INCIDENTS.

96.

P. M.

1 **B**Y the side of the river so clear
 They carried the beautiful child ;
 'Mid the flags and the bushes,
 In an ark of bulrushes,
 They left him so lonely and wild ;
 For the ruffians would come,
 If he tarried at home,
 And murder that infant so dear.

- 2 By the side of the river so clear
The ladies were winding their way,
When Pharaoh's daughter
Stepped into the water,
To bathe at the close of the day ;
Before it was dark,
She opened the ark,
And found a sweet infant was there.
- 3 By the side of the river so clear
That infant was lonely and sad ;
She took him in pity,
And thought him so pretty,
And made little Moses so glad ;
She called him her own,
Her beautiful son,
And sent for a nurse that was near.
- 4 Away from the river so clear
They carried the beautiful child,
To his own tender mother,
His sister, and brother,
And then he looked happy and smiled ;
His mother so good
Did all that she could
To nurse him and teach him with care.

97.

6, 4.

- 1 **T**HERE was a noble ark,
Sailing o'er waters dark,
And wide around ;
Not one tall tree was seen,
Nor flower nor leaf of green ;
All, all was drowned.
 - 2 Then a soft wing was spread;
And o'er the billows dread
A meek dove flew ;
But on that shoreless tide,
No living thing she spied
To cheer her view.
 - 3 So to the ark she fled,
With weary drooping head.
To seek for rest.
Christ is thy ark, my love :
Thou art the tender dove ;
Fly to his breast.
-

HYMNS TO BE REPEATED, NOT SUNG.

98.

I MUST be a loving child,
Gentle, patient, meek, and mild ;
Must be honest, simple, true,
In my words and actions too.

I must cheerfully obey,
 Giving up my will and way ;
 Must not always thinking be
 What is pleasantest to me,
 But must try kind things to do,
 And make others happy too.
 And in all I do or say,
 In my lessons or my play,
 Must remember God can view
 All I think, and all I do ;
 Glad that he can know I try,
 Glad that children such as I,
 In our feeble ways and small,
 Can serve him who loves us all.

WHERE IS GOD?

99.

IN the sun, the moon, the sky ;
 On the mountains wild and high ;
 In the thunder, in the rain,
 In the grove, the wood, the plain ;
 In the little birds who sing ;
 God is seen in every thing.

100.

I LOVE the Lord who died for me,
 I love his little child to be.
 I love the Bible, where I find
 How good my Saviour was, and kind.

I love his people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise.
I love the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit three in one.
I love to think the time will come
When I shall be in heaven, my home.

101.

MY little body's formed by God,
'Tis made of flesh and blood;
The slender bones are placed within,
And over all is laid the skin.

My little body's very weak,
A fall or blow my bones might break,
The water soon might stop my breath,
The fire might close my eyes in death.

But God can keep me by his care;
To him I'll say this little prayer,
"O God, from harm my body keep,
Both when I wake and when I sleep."

**HYMNS TO BE REPEATED BY BOYS AND GIRLS
ALTERNATELY.**

102.

WHO came from heaven to ransom me?
Jesus who died upon the tree.
Why did he come from heaven above?
He came because his name was "Love."

And did he die—the son of God ?
Yes, on the cross he shed his blood.
Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed ?
That we from evil might be freed.
When he had died, what happened then ?
On the third day he rose again.
Where did he go when he had risen ?
He went to God's right hand in heaven.
Where is he now ? Is he still there ?
Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer.
What does he pray for, and for whom ?
He prays that we to him might come.
Should we not come ? Should we not come ?
Oh ! yes, Christ is the sinner's home ;
Christ is the weary sinner's home—
Oh ! let us come ! oh ! let us come !

103.

C. M.

1 GOD is in heaven—can he hear
A feeble prayer like mine ?
Yes, little child, thou needst not fear ;
He listeneth to thine.

2 God is in heaven—can he see
When I am doing wrong ?
Yes, that he can—he looks at thee,
All day and all night long.

3 God is in heaven—would he know

If I should tell a lie ?

Yes, if thou saidst it very low,

He'd hear it in the sky.

4 God is in heaven—can I go

To thank him for his care ?

Not yet—but love him here below,

And thou shalt praise him there.

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McKay
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